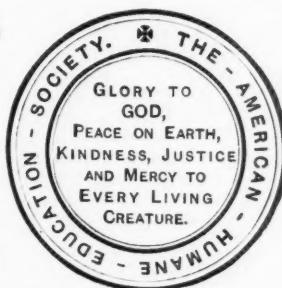


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 28.

Boston, March, 1896.

No. 10.



SEE CORNELL CATS, PAGE 116.

A WISH FOR YOUR NEW YEAR.

BY ELIZABETH POST.

May its light
Be the sunlight of God's love;
Its night
His sheltering wings above;
Its storms
Reveal the wonders of His grace;
Its calms
Reflect the beauty of His face;
Its winds
Breathe whispers of His care;
Its showers
Bring blessings rich and rare.
May its cares
Bind closer to His heart;
Its joys
Be of heavenly joys a part.

PRAYERS FOR PEACE.

Rev. Wm. Stokes, Rector of Church of the Nativity, Water Valley, Mississippi, writes a powerful plea for peace to the *New York Churchman*, in which he urges the clergy and churchmen to pray for peace.

His letter closes: "I know something of war. As a boy from the Palmetto State, I followed Robert E. Lee across the Potomac, and helped cover his retreat to Richmond, and I shall continue to pray against the war spirit. From this red ruin and black night, good Lord, deliver us!"

WHAT WE OWE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

We need not tell of Shakespeare and Robert Burns and Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson, and the great host of literary constellations who have filled our language with the productions of their genius—nor of *Magna Charta* and the great judges who have helped to make our laws—nor of Howard and Florence Nightingale and the great army of saints, martyrs and heroes who have illuminated the history of our race—but will simply say to the friends of dumb animals who read these pages that we owe to Great Britain:

- (1) The first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals.
- (2) The first society in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals.
- (3) That wonderful book "*Black Beauty*."
- (4) One of its most remarkable successors, "*Beautiful Joe*."
- (5) A vast deal of other humane literature on the same subject, and [though the result, as its author has declared, of American work in England] nevertheless (6) the formation of the first "*Band of Mercy*" in the world, and so the beginning of that great order of modern chivalry which has already numbered more than twenty-four thousand branches in America.

Is there no debt of gratitude due from us for all these?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DESERVES OUR GRATITUDE.

In consideration of what has been said and done in this country recently in regard to England, and of the fact that all our Atlantic seaports have no protection whatever against her navy, and that while she could completely blockade all our harbors and destroy all our foreign commerce, she could carry on her own with all other nations, we think the English people have set an example of Christian forbearance which deserves our gratitude and the world's admiration. We doubt whether any other European nation would, under similar circumstances, have shown so kind a spirit.

We have no doubt that a certain class in England do not love us any too well because

our Republic is a standing menace to the vested privileges of monarchs and the so-called nobility—but our experiences in England years ago [concerning which we might write a great deal if we had space] fully satisfied us that the great middling classes who constitute the body and heart of England, represented by such men as John Bright and Wm. E. Gladstone, are our friends.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW CATTLE ARE TREATED IN VENEZUELA.

The meat here is always bad, tough, stringy and unpleasant to the taste, no matter how it is cooked, says a Venezuela correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*. Why it is so one soon learns. No cattle are properly reared and fattened for the market, and the manner of slaughtering is infamous. The animals are lassoed in a corral and dragged out to posts, where they are made fast for killing. Their horns are often broken, eyes are knocked out by stones, and their thighs chewed by dogs. Mad with terror, agony and rage, fevered and suffering tortures from thirst, they are left standing 10 or 12 hours before their throats are cut in time for the early morning market. Then their flesh goes, warm with the animal heat, to the pot and the oven. In this climate if not cooked in a few hours it will putrefy, for there is no ice. Each day's supply must be freshly killed. Of course, such meat cannot be good, no matter how it may be disguised by garlic and red pepper.

A gentleman writes us: "For twenty years I have lived among Spaniards in various parts of the world, and I have never yet seen one of them do a kind action to a horse—seldom to a dog—never to a cow or cat."

EVERY SPANISH-SPEAKING COUNTRY.

If our friends could read the accounts which come to our table of the cruelties inflicted upon dumb animals by Spanish-speaking nations [some of them too terrible to be published in this paper], they would wish that England had not only the whole of Venezuela but every other Spanish-speaking country on the face of the earth.

WHAT JUDGE HALIBURTON [SAM SLICK] SAID FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Now we are two great nations, the greatest by a long chalk of any in the world—speak the same language—have the same religion—and our constitutions don't differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do.

We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United we are more than a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies and millions. Single we couldn't stand against all, and if one was to fall where would the other be?—mourning over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled.

It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that help to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and strong enough to hang up all those enemies to mankind on."

SAM SLICK.

A DETROIT PATRIOT.

"I'm a great patriot, I am," he said to a patrolman. "Ah! I see."

"One of the biggest patriots in Detroit. I'm for the old flag first and last and every time. I'm ready to pour out my blood at any minute."

"Well, pour away, old man."

"If the time comes I'll pour. I did intend to go over to Windsor and wade right in, but I guess I'll put it off for a while. Windsor ain't to blame for what England does, is she?"

"Hardly."

"Innocent people over there?"

"Yes."

"It wouldn't be right for me to go over there and cut and slash and wade around in gore. They can't help it, if England won't arbitrate. They can't help it if England is sassy and wants to fight. Windsor can't control England."

"No, and it's very kind of you to let her off easy," laughed the officer.

"That's what I say, but that's my way. Biggest patriot in all Detroit, but I don't want to begin the war. I shan't go over to Windsor and shed blood, but let Windsor come over here and strike the first blow. Then, sir—then I'll leap to arms, seize the dear old flag, utter my war-cry, and—and—" "Say!" whispered the man, "do they have anything to drink in the army?"

"I believe so."

"Then I won't die, but I'll take a drink and press on to victory."—*Detroit Free Press*.

OUR \$200 PRIZE OFFER.

Our prize offer, in behalf of our "*American Humane Education Society*," of \$200 for "the best practical plan of settling peacefully and honorably to both nations the difference between Great Britain and the United States of America in regard to the disputed Venezuela boundary," has been sent to every member of Congress and widely published by the press.

The chairman of committee [as our readers know] is ex-Governor Long.

The other two members of the committee are Judge Bennett of "The Boston University Law School," appointed by Bishop Lawrence, and Patrick Donahoe, Esq., appointed by Archbishop Williams.

Over seventy plans have been received at this writing, and doubtless others will be received before the time limit, March 1st, but we hope to be able to announce the decision in our next paper and perhaps put before our readers a plan which may result in great good both now and in the future.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

On this February 13th we receive from a friend the following:

Up! raise thy head, thy muscles brace,
All acts of weakness now despise!
Stand independent of the world,
And only raise to God thine eyes!

What if thy way be now so dark
The destined end thou can'st not see,
It may be that these clouds full soon
Will show the rainbow gloriously.

Thou know'st that he who strives to reach
The highest pinnacle of all,
Must, oft and oft, come short of mark,
And raise himself from many a fall.

And when thou reach the shining height,
And lookest back upon thy way,
The past that seemeth now so dark
May then show brightest in the day.

So independent stand, and strong,
Thou hast a part of that great strength,
Which all the world can overcome,
And even Fate, itself, at length.

OTA.

THE EXTENT OF OUR WORK.

It gives a little idea of the extent of our work that we find on our table this February 7th letters from points as far distant as Olympia, Washington; Duluth, Minn.; London, England; Trinidad, West Indies; Canary Islands, and Caracas, Venezuela.

It is a great pleasure to receive kind letters and words from prominent citizens of Boston thanking us for our efforts to promote "Peace on Earth."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-four thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the 61 High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge. The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

KEEP KICKING.

An unfortunate person who said he was formerly a newspaper man, called at our office the other day for assistance. Under all the circumstances we thought him deserving and helped him, and then we told him the story about the milkman who accidentally emptied into one of his cans two live frogs. One frog said it was no use to do anything and sank to the bottom and was drowned; the other frog kept kicking until he kicked up a lump of butter and roosted on it, and came out alive.

There is a good moral in this story to many people: "Keep kicking."

The men and women, rich or poor, who do not sympathize in Mr. Angell's life-work, are only a shade this side of heathen.—*Brooklyn Record*.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

IF WE HAD THE POWER OF OMNIPOTENCE.

If we were to keep a record of the various wrongs we are requested in the course of a year to make right, it would astonish many of our friends and fill a good part of this paper—wrong not only in our own state and nation but in *Europe, Asia, Africa* and various islands—laws to be enacted by Congress, and other laws the enactment of which we are asked to prevent—books and thousands of pages of manuscripts to be examined—and questions of all kinds and descriptions to be answered.

We will not mention requests like one we received some time since "to have the roadbeds of all our electric railroads so changed that no electric shall cross any street on grade."

But on this one day we have requests—(1st) To stop the sweeping and collection of dirt by our street department in the day time. (2d) To cause our Board of State Cattle Commissioners to be abolished. (3d) To cause the whole system of convict labor in the Southern States to be done away with, and a 4th, which, to carry out the merciful thought of our good friend, would require about 1,000 paid officers and cost a million of dollars a year.

Well, if we only had the power of omnipotence we might be able to do all that our good friends in many parts of the world want done.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Pray for those that spitefully use you."



A MODERN PURITAN.

FROM "JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY."

THE COAST-GUARD.

Do you wonder what I am seeing
In the heart of the fire aglow,
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves,
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I see the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand,
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina,
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the coast-guard,
That drew him away from death.

And so when the wind is walling,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!

St. Nicholas.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1896.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and forty-four new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of twenty-four thousand and sixteen.

AN INDIGNANT SCHOLAR.

Such a horrid jogafray lesson!
Cities and mountains and lakes,
And the longest, crookedest rivers,
Just wriggling about like snakes.
I tell you I wish Columbus
Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,
And started to find new countries
That folks didn't need at all.

Now wouldn't it be too lovely
If all that you had to find out
Was just about Spain and England,
And a few other lands thereabout.
And the rest of the maps were printed
With pink and yellow to say,
"All this is an unknown region
Where bogies and fairies stay!"

But what is the use of wishing
Since Columbus sailed over here,
And men keep hunting and 'spling
And finding more things every year.
Now show me the Yampah River,
And tell me where does it flow?
And how do you bound Montana?
And Utah and Mexico?

EMILY H. MILLER.

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS AND HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETIES.

At the February Directors' meeting of above societies, President Angell reported in regard to prize offer of \$200 by the "Humane Education Society" for the best plan of settling the difficulties in regard to the Venezuela boundary, that he had already received over seventy plans, (the time limit is March 1st) and that in addition to ex-Governor John D. Long as Chairman of the prize committee, Bishop Lawrence had appointed Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Dean of the Boston University Law School, and Archbishop Williams had appointed Patrick Donahoe, Esq.

Appropriate action was taken on the death of Director Dr. D. D. Slade.

Boston agents have dealt with 283 complaints during the month, taken 32 horses from work, and mercifully killed 65 animals.

639 new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the month, making a total of 24,411.

DR. D. D. SLADE.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. Daniel D. Slade, one of our most valued directors, who has been a member of our Board since its first organization in March, 1868. Only four of the original Board of Directors are now living, namely: John Quincy Adams, Russell Sturgis, William G. Weld and Geo. T. Angell, and only two who have for the past twenty years been members of the Board, namely: Russell Sturgis and Geo. T. Angell.

Dr. Slade wrote for the Society many years ago a most valuable book on "How to Kill Animals Humanely," to which our Society has given an immense circulation.

At our February Directors' meeting the following resolution was unanimously passed: "Resolved, That we tender to the family of our deceased brother Director, Dr. D. D. Slade, our sympathy in their great affliction and in our mutual loss."

MR. AND MRS. GEO. NICHOLSON,

PROPRIETORS OF THE "NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE."

We are pained to announce the deaths [only about one week intervening] of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nicholson, proprietors of *The New Orleans Picayune*.

It was through their earnest invitation that we passed the winter of 1884 and 1885 in New Orleans — addressing nearly all the white and colored schools and colleges of that city — distributing about forty thousand copies of humane publications — forming *Bands of Mercy* and [at the old St. Charles Hotel] the "Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

The kind reception and entertainment we received from our good friends, the most efficient aid they gave us, and the many encouraging and happy incidents of that winter will never be forgotten so long as our memory lasts. To Mr. and particularly Mrs. Nicholson the Louisiana Society owes its formation — and how great the need of that formation was I cannot better portray than in the words of Col. Dennett, an old planter and *The Picayune's* Agricultural editor: "Mr. Angell, I believe the curse of God rests on the State of Louisiana for the terrible cruelties inflicted here on dumb animals."

THE MUTILATION OF HORSES.

On Feb. 14th we had a hearing at the State House before the Committee on Agriculture in regard to a law for the protection of horses mutilated by docking.

Following us in admirable presentation of the subject were *Julius A. Palmer, Jr., Benj. P. Ware, Vice-president Henry B. Hill, James A. Bailey, Esq.,* and Messrs. *Meredith, Richards and Burgess.*

It was shown that under existing law it is impossible to reach these rich men who cause their horses to be mutilated for life.

They can easily raise any amount of money they want to fight us — employ the ablest counsel and to a considerable extent control the columns of some Boston newspapers, and so they defy our Society and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to interfere with their brutal practices.

"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lock jaw were reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinarian that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinarian stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

DULUTH, MINN.

In some back number of *Our Dumb Animals* [as our readers may remember] we mentioned that many years ago, when we were in the habit of playing croquet evenings for exercise, we played with only one gentleman who we thought could beat us in a majority of games.

That gentleman was *William S. Woodbridge, Esq.,* now of Duluth, Minn.

We are glad to find by letter dated January 28th, that he is now President of *The Humane Society* of that city, and that they have just started in forming *Bands of Mercy*, the first of which had at its first meeting over one hundred members.

NEWPORT, R. I.

On this Feb. 6th, *Edward R. Wharton, Esq.,* President of "The Newport Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," calls to express his pleasure and gratitude for the services of our American Humane Education Society's missionary in establishing our "*Bands of Mercy*" in the public schools of Newport.

TRINIDAD, WEST INDIES.

We are glad to be informed by letter received this February 7th, that the commencement has been made in the formation of "*Bands of Mercy*" in *Trinidad, West Indies.*

CANARY ISLANDS.

We are glad to see by letter received on this February 7th, that great efforts are being made to reform the hitherto very cruel treatment of animals in the Canary Islands.

We have had considerable correspondence in regard to these islands with parties who permanently and temporarily reside there, and have sent them a considerable amount of our humane literature.

"GOD BLESS OUR DEAR PRESIDENT."

As some of our readers will remember, we were elected some years ago President of a *Band of Mercy* at The Hague, Holland, and were sent a beautiful picture of the Band. We have since received interesting reports of its success, and on this February 4th comes to us a beautiful copy of its annual report, with pictures and bright ribbons, and the American flag, and inscribed "God Bless Our Dear President."

We reply as follows:

MY DEAR MRS. LOUISE VAN DACHNE VAN VARICK:

I can hardly tell the pleasure it gives me to receive your beautiful report, and the very beautiful photograph of one member of your *Band of Mercy* of which I have the honor to be President.

Please accept for yourself and for the Band my kindest wishes that the year upon which we have now entered may be the happiest of your and their whole lives, and be followed by many others equally happy.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A KIND LETTER.

MR. G. T. ANGELL,

Dear Sir: Such a feeling of rest and re-assurance come to me as I think of your great work.

Indeed your offices seem to me a "humane centre" whence are radiating, both far and near, the benign influences of compassion, justice, peace and benevolence.

Please accept the enclosed one hundred dollars to be used as you think best.

Most gratefully, A FRIEND.

ANOTHER KIND LETTER.

MR. ANGELL:

February 11, 1896.

Dear Sir,—Please accept the enclosed check [\$100] as an expression of earnest gratitude from one who has watched your work with close and long-continued interest. One may indeed deem it a privilege to aid a cause, guided and directed by a skill that seems to know neither failure nor defeat.

Long may you remain at your post to humanize and elevate the cruel and the thoughtless.

HOW "BEAUTIFUL JOE" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

You ask how I happened to write "*Beautiful Joe*?"

And I answer that I happened to read one of the copies of "*Black Beauty*" which you have so widely circulated.

I had always been intensely fond of animals, but never been fortunate enough to have much literature about them fall into my hands. On receiving "*Black Beauty*" I read it with surprise and delight; then I saw the advertisements of your "*American Humane Education Society*."

I wrote you, received a courteous reply and a supply of books, papers and leaflets; then I saw your offer for prize stories, and then I wrote "*Beautiful Joe*."

MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

21 Chestnut St., Boston, Feb. 11th, 1896.

[Some 60,000 copies of "*Beautiful Joe*" have already been sold. It would apparently never have been written but for our "*American Humane Education Society*'s" wide circulation of "*Black Beauty*" and offer of prizes for other similar literature.

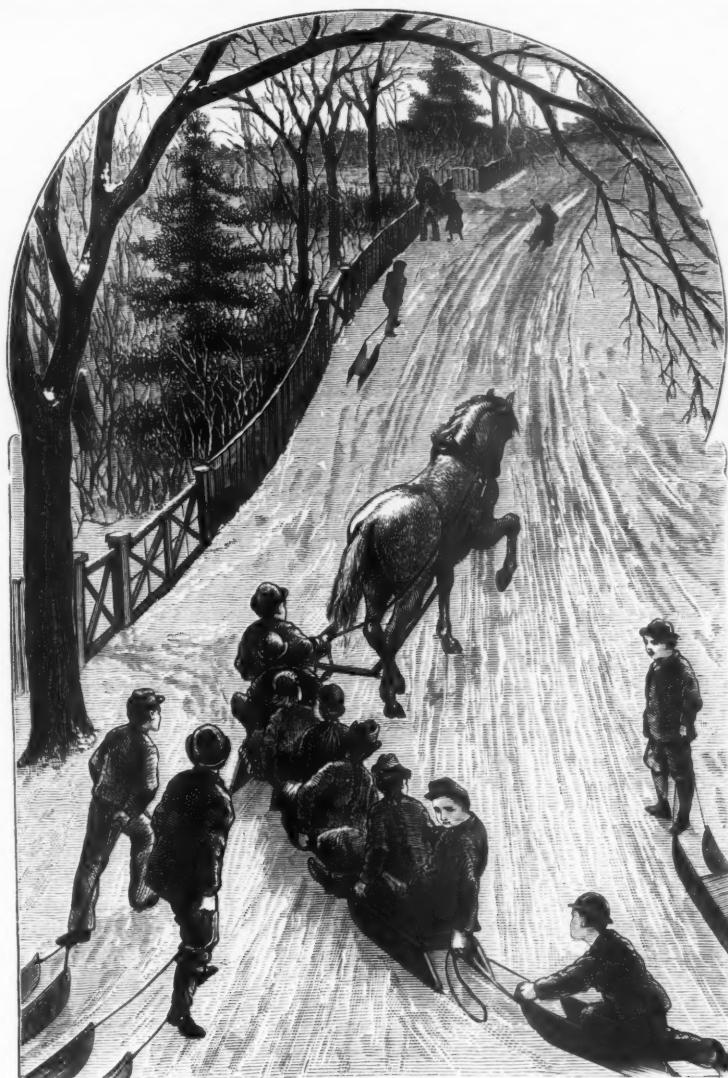
EDITOR.]

INCREASE OF CRIME.

It appears from statistics gathered by the Chicago Tribune, that in 1885 there were 1808 murders in the United States—while last year (1895) there were about 10,500 murders.

What stronger evidence can there be of the infinite importance of forming our *American Humane Education Society*'s "*Bands of Mercy*," in all our public and other schools?

GEO. T. ANGELL.



WINTER FUN IN NEW ENGLAND.

SAMPLE CASES.

In the District Court at Abington, Feb. 1st, on the complaint of the M. S. P. C. to Animals, Peter Kirk of Rockland was convicted of inciting a dog to fight, and abandoning him after the fight with two of his legs broken, and was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction, to which he has been committed.

In the Municipal Court this forenoon, on complaint of the M. S. P. C. A., Thomas Kinsella was convicted of throwing at his horse a block of granite weighing three and one-half pounds, striking him on the side, and was fined \$25. Kinsella is an employee of A. M. Stetson, lumber dealer, at South Boston.—*Journal*, Feb. 7.

In the Superior Criminal Court, yesterday, on complaint of the M. S. P. C. A., Charles J. McCarthy of McCarthy's express pleaded guilty to driving a disabled horse on Sept. 27 last, and was fined \$25. For a similar offence committed on April 26 last he was ordered to pay costs amounting to \$75.—*Herald*, Feb. 5.

FITCHBURG, Feb. 3.—Henry Hahn was found guilty in the police court this morning of cruelty to a horse and fined \$60. The case was prosecuted by M. S. Hall, agent for the M. S. P. C. A.—*Globe*, Feb. 3.

BOSTON ALDERMEN.

In our morning mail of this February 5th, we find generous donations for our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* from two Boston Aldermen, Hon. Boardman Hall and Hon. Perlie A. Dyar, both letters dated at the Aldermen's room, City Hall.

We don't know what the politics of either gentleman may be, because we are too busy to keep posted on politics, but the dumb animals will vote for both of them every time.

A MAN WITH A RED FACE.

A day or two ago a laboring man with a red and angry face was trying to make his horses pull a wagonful of earth out of a narrow Back Bay alley. Mounds of rubbish at the entrance of the alley hindered their progress and the horses refused to budge. The man stood still in the cart with his reins in his hand. "No," he cried to a fellow teamster who stood near; "no, 'tain't no use. I can't do a thing. A man da'n't use his whip in this part of the city. There's one report in against me now. No; they can just stay here a week if they want to. I can't say nothing to make them move." The society with the long name is evidently getting in its work.—*Boston Evening Transcript*, Jan. 31, 1896.

Blanket your Horse.

Warm the bits before using.



OUR DOG.

"OUR DOG IN CHURCH."

In our November paper we gave an account of the doings of "a dog in church."

In our present one we give an account of another dog in church [taken from *Lippincott's Magazine*] which will amuse our readers quite as much.

"He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there, and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awesome for Our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, Our Dog was frightened and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

"He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked Our Dog. Again there was singing. He smelt first of the organ; he then smelt of the organist and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye; but he could not stop. Our Dog then smelt of the basso-profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and resmelt them all over again; also the organ. That was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around it, and smelt at every crack and corner to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course he wanted a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked and wagged his bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them; he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat; yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other, as if to say, 'Did you ever see such conduct in church?'

"It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it, and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth. Everybody on that bench came near sitting on Our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

"Still he kept me employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately

sat Our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently. It slipped over the chair's edge. Our Dog slipped over with it and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker, snort and strain where they ought not to. Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put Our Dog out. But he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks and he was not going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like; it was indeed fun. The sexton gave up the chase; it was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down; he stood at a distance and looked at him, as if to say, 'Well, ain't you going to try it again?'

"Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, Our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, to a nervous and inexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No; he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled Our Dog.

"He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there; seemingly those smiles were for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, Our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

MUZZLE THE CATS.

Under the above heading the following appeared in *The Boston Journal* of Jan. 29th:

People living in the suburbs of Boston, owning dogs, and therefore affected by the order of the Cattle Commissioners, have decided to make a few test cases on the muzzling question. One gentleman thought that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should take the matter in hand. President George T. Angell was seen yesterday at his office on Milk Street by a *Journal* reporter in regard to the cruelty of it, and said:

"I have sent our man to the Cattle Commission to see if he can do anything with that body. It seems to me a stretch of power on their part. If they have the right to muzzle the dogs in the suburbs, why not make it universal throughout the Commonwealth? I do not understand that there has been any death from bites; I think that nine out of ten cases reported at our office have turned out to be wholly without foundation. If you should examine the records of the State of Massachusetts, I think you would find that for the past 50 years there have not been more than two deaths a year from hydrophobia in the 2,500,000 people, and in those cases there will be found to have been a diversity of opinion among physicians as to the cause of death.

"Dr. Dulles, an eminent physician in Philadelphia, and a medical editor, was appointed by the Pennsylvania Medical Society to investigate this subject. He has given it great care, and has reported to the society that, in his judgment, there is very little danger from the disease. He says that the number of cases has greatly increased since M. Pasteur began operations in France. From which he infers that France would have been better off if Pasteur had never lived. I understand that in Germany, just across the Rhine, hydrophobia is almost unknown, while in France there are many cases.

"Now comes the question: If the Cattle Commissioners are going to muzzle all the dogs, why shouldn't they lock up all the horses because one has the glanders, or the cattle because of tuberculosis?

"As cats are liable to be bitten, why not muzzle the cats? I have many cases where life has been saved by dogs unmuzzled, that never would have been if they had been muzzled. One instance was where a boy was skating on the Hudson River, near Newburgh, and he would not allow his dog to come on the ice. The animal ran up and down on the shore barking. When the boy had gone about a quarter of a mile from the shore he broke through the ice. The dog saw his master disappear, and sprang across the ice to where he had gone in, and pulled him out.

"That is only one of a number of cases where a muzzled dog would have been helpless and life would have been lost. Then again a muzzled dog is no protection from tramps. The poultry will also suffer in the country. The dog with a muzzle on an express wagon is useless. Then there is the suffering the animal is subjected to from the fact that he may be forgotten when hungry or thirsty, being deprived of the use of his mouth to seek his own food and drink.

"There are lots of ills that dogs are subjected to that have no connection with hydrophobia, yet the minute the dog shows something unusual they kill him directly and report a terrible case of mad dog in the papers, and it goes all over the country and creates excitement when there is no occasion for it. Not one case in ten will hold water."

TATTERS SAVES FOUR SKATERS.

Last Sunday afternoon a party of skaters was on the *Darby River*. Near the outlet the ice parted and four—two young men and two young women—went sailing away. The four shouted for help, and Mr. Freeman ran to the river bank with "Tatters" at his heels. A rope was procured and the dog, taking one end, swam out to the broken ice. By the aid of the rope the four were drawn safely to shore.—*City Record, Passaic City, N. J., Jan. 25, 1896*.

OUR CHRISTIAN COLLEGES.

DARTMOUTH.

"Last spring the class of '97,' after completing a course under Prof. Foster, burned their note books. The whole class, robed in white, marched to his house and thence to the campus, bearing a coffin containing a hundred or more note books. The coffin with its contents was consigned to a large bonfire."

The present outrage was in the blowing of a hundred horns, the ringing of bells and the din of many voices under the windows of the professor's office."—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 23, 1896.

WESLEYAN—OHIO.

"At chapel after prayers the seniors tried to tear off the junior headgear. The younger men defended themselves with hickory clubs. A crowd of 3000 people gathered to watch the fight.

The junior girls charged on the seniors, and seizing one, tore her clothing to tatters. A policeman was assaulted, and another kept off the crowd with a revolver. There are nearly three hundred ruined suits and scores of injured heads as evidence of the fight."

Boston Transcript, Feb. 15, 1896.

WABASH—INDIANA.

"In chapel after prayers two pigeons with freshmen colors were let loose. Immediately the sophomores and seniors began shying hymn books at the birds, and the air was full of flying leaves. President Burroughs and Prof. Kingery vainly shouted for order, the students greeting their appeals with insulting cries. A pitched battle followed. Several of the students were seriously injured."—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 23, 1896.

WESLEYAN—CONNECTICUT.

"A little later in the day the girls burned the detested professors in effigy and made a bonfire of their geometries and trigonometries and danced a war dance around the burning pile."—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 23, 1896.

The question is asked us, "What is the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals*?"

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000 and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. About 7000 Boston business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. *Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico.* Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. *The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.*

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier.*

Our last edition of "*The Strike at Shane's*" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "*Hollyhurst*" 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our "*American Humane Education Society*"—gratuitously circulated by "*American Humane Education Society*"—write
GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for protection of birds.
- (2) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

As soon as the birds go to their Southern homes for the winter and begin the rearing of their young, then the hired butchers for our wholesale milliners begin the onslaught.

Travellers in Southern forests tell us they pass wagon loads of bleeding, half dead birds tumbled into the wagon box like clods of dirt, while above in the tree-tops they could hear the cries of the nestlings slowly starving for lack of a mother bird to feed them.

Kindness,
Justice,
Mercy.



DOWN IN DIXIE.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. They have no cheap edition.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NORTH DAKOTA HORSES.

Some one sends us a marked copy of the Newport, R. I., *Enterprise* of January 30, from which we take the following:

[Correspondence of *Enterprise*.]

HORSES IN NORTH DAKOTA.

All over these vast plains, in whatever direction one may look, on these wintry days, there can be seen bands of horses. Their only drink is the snow, the dead grass that lies under it is their only food, and

the canopy of heaven is their only shelter. If they wish to lie down for rest and sleep, the snow makes a soft bed, and the howling wind is their lullaby. But they have very little time for sleep; they are kept busy night and day pawing away the snow to get food.

These are not wild Indian ponies but domesticated horses; some of them well-bred horses. Many of them have toiled faithfully for their task-masters from early spring, through summer's heat, until late fall, and then were turned out to get their own living through the winter.

But horses are cheap, and the average unmerciful man can see no profit in bestowing any labor that can be avoided, much less any sentiment, upon a horse, when good ones will not sell for more than \$25 apiece, and ordinary horses cannot be given away.

G. A. R.

Bands of Mercy are needed in every North Dakota town.

RANCHMAN ROOSEVELT.

A friend wants to know if we are not rather hard on Ranchman Roosevelt, who said he would disinherit a son who would weigh broken bones against being one of Harvard's football eleven—and whose opinions in regard to the Monroe doctrine we thought would coincide with those of the Apache Indians.

We answer—read what this Roosevelt said in the *New York Century* [in 1888 we think] about the profitable business of freezing and starving cattle on the Western ranches. *Peck's Sun* says: "The *Century Magazine* is publishing the confessions of Theodore Roosevelt, a New York cattle owner, who is telling of the freezing cattle of the West, as though it was a good stroke of business. It does not seem to have occurred to the editors of the *Century*, or to Roosevelt, that cattle-starving is a cruel piece of business."

CORNELL UNIVERSITY CATS.

As our readers saw in our January paper, each Cornell student is required to dissect a cat.

Professor and doctor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell, wishes us to publish the following, and we do it:

"Its anatomical structure considered, the cat is more decidedly specialized and more finely differentiated than man, and is in some respects a finer creature. It is as nearly perfect as an animal can be in anatomical structure. The muscles are more delicate, they are prettier, and in some cases they are more complex. The eye is protected in a way ours is not, there being a third lid. The shape of the cat is beautiful. It uses all its force to advantage, and never wastes any. When it makes a leap it will light in just the right place. It can turn in the air in a very slight space, and it always alights on its feet. If Adam and Eve had been cats they would have alighted upon their feet in their fall!

The cat has extreme keenness of apprehension. It recognizes its friends and its foes. A single spank will alienate the dearest pet of a cat for at least a month.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, the cat is the most religious of animals. Cleanliness is not only a habit, but a fad with it.

The affection of cats for human beings and for each other is remarkable. Their homing faculty is extraordinary.

In Germany thirty-seven cats were carried in sacks twenty-four miles in various directions, and all of them were home within twenty-four hours.

How a cat purrs nobody knows, and nobody is likely to find out, because the cat purrs only when it is happy, and it is not likely to be happy when an investigation is going on to discover how it purrs.

The larger part of human anatomy can be learned from the cat. Cut off the tail and the anatomy is almost the same as that of a man, bone for bone and nerve for nerve, and the brains are very similar.

All the students in the general courses at Cornell are required to dissect a cat before they graduate. There were 186 students in Dr. Wilder's class last year, and every one of them dissected an entire cat. There are 400 cats dissected there every year. Twenty-five cents is paid for all delivered, and they get all they want. They have a cat house where the animals are comfortably kept and well fed. They are killed by putting them in a glass case, and inserting chloroform. In ten minutes they go to sleep, and in twenty minutes they are dead. They do not utter a cry, or make a movement, and their death is painless. Vivisection is also performed, but it is entirely painless. There is not a single operation allowed at Cornell that would cause any pain to the subject.

In reading the above three questions occur to us: (1st) Are these cats stolen as they seem to be for our Medical Schools?

(2d) Each student is required to dissect one cat. How many others do they actually dissect?

(3d) Inasmuch as there are in our large cities and elsewhere hundreds of human beings whose lives are not only less valuable but more dangerous than cats, would the doctor think it desirable to lock them up—feed them well—kill them with chloroform, when wanted—and require each college student to dissect one as a condition of obtaining his college diploma?

In the golden age of Egypt, when its great Alexandrian library contained more than half a million volumes, Dr. Wilder would never have dissected but one cat.

If the belief of hundreds of millions in the transmigration of souls were true, Dr. Wilder would perhaps be in danger of some time becoming a cat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE VALUE OF TRUTH AND HUMAN LIFE IN VIVISECTION.

In the *New York Independent* of Jan. 23d appears a powerful article on the above subject by Albert Leffingwell, M. D., from which we take the following:

"The aim of science," says Professor Slosson, "is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of new life." "If cats and guinea-pigs can be put to any higher use than to advance science, we do not know what it is. We do not know of any higher use we can put a man to." "A human life is nothing compared with

a new fact." Well, I think the world is under obligations to any scientist who proclaims that creed so openly. It has been cherished in secret long enough. Some of us knew that this most horrible doctrine had existence, and of its practical application in certain cases; but never was it more openly proclaimed. This is the doctrine held by Dr. Bargigli, who, having purchased from unnatural parents the privilege of experimenting on their children, inoculated these little ones with matter from a leprous tumor, that he might see whether he could thus infect them with an incurable disease. Such, apparently, is the doctrine held by certain pathologists of Germany, who, we are told, have been experimenting upon patients in the last stages of consumption, to see whether cancers could not be grafted upon them. Nor are these the worst instances of the practical application of that theory which Professor Slosson enunciates, that the aim of science is not "the cure of disease or the saving of human life," but "the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life." Not very long ago there appeared in the leading medical periodical of the United States an article by an American physician, a graduate, by the way, from a college rather renowned for its extreme vivisection, giving a long and detailed account of certain experiments he had made while in charge of a "Free Dispensary." A number of little children, twenty in all, were deliberately inoculated with the most horrible disease that afflicts the human race to-day, without the slightest thought of benefit to his victims, and solely as an experiment. They were already suffering from one incurable disorder, and the object of the investigation was to see whether, with another, and even worse disease, they might not be infected and poisoned. I shall not quote the full account of his experiments, because, unless this statement is questioned, I do not care to expose him, and a few words must suffice:

"On November 14th, 1883, I inoculated with virus six . . . girls under twelve years of age. On December 14th, I repeated the experiment. . . . The last time I inoculated fourteen; no result followed in any of the twenty experiments. For the suggestion of this experiment, I am indebted to my friend, Dr. Pontoppidan, of Copenhagen."

For myself, there are no words in the English language sufficiently strong to phrase my abhorrence of such human vivisections, and the doctrine upon which they rest; and I believe this abhorrence is shared by the vast majority of men and women in the medical profession to-day. Before a man can begin experiments like these upon innocent and unsuspecting children, there must be a kind of atrophy of the moral sense. Noble, indeed, is that spirit which inspires men to risk health, comfort, life itself, for the good of humanity; but it is self-sacrifice—not sacrifice of others—that underlies the religion of Jesus Christ. The lesson of the Cross is the nobility of self-sacrifice; the dying thief teaches the value of the lowest and meanest of our race. There is a story told of Passerot, a French scholar of the last century, which has present application. In his last days, dying of a mortal disease, he was brought unrecognized into the Charity Hospital of Paris—a city, then as now, celebrated for pitiless devotion to scientific curiosity. As the attending surgeon looked down upon the miserable being, he bethought him, perhaps, that "a human life is nothing as compared with a new fact in science," and speaking to his associates in Latin—the language used by learned men—he remarked: "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*" At these words, the eyes of the dying man slowly opened; and then, to the physicians' unbounded astonishment, in the same language they had used to conceal intent, came from one they had taken to be a beggar, a scholar's reply: "*Corpus non vile est, domini doctissimi, pro quo Christus ipse non dignatus est mori!*" ("That body is not vile, learned sirs, for which Christ himself disdained not to die!") Is the world ready to exchange this doctrine for the new theory of the worthlessness of life? Not yet.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL.

A few days since a statement appeared in two Boston papers, purporting to be made by Dr. Richardson, Dean of "The Harvard Medical School," that we knew what animals were used at the school. The doctor must have been misinformed, as we never had any such knowledge.

We should be very glad to know what animals, and what number of each are used at the school

and by the students, and what is done to each, and what new discovery or beneficial result has come from what has been done to them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

[Moral of the above: Don't believe all you read in the newspapers.]

IF WE WERE A CITY DOCTOR.

If we were a city doctor we should think it good policy to carry so far as possible [as country doctors do] our medicines with us, and save our sick patients from the delays, annoyance and danger of sending our prescriptions to be put up perhaps by some blundering apothecary's boy who has been out it may be half the night before, and who has no personal interest whatever in the business.

We know that many patients prefer a doctor who carries his own carefully selected medicines to a doctor that gives only prescriptions.

If we were a young doctor wanting business, we should certainly carry with us, so far as possible, our own medicines.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOOD REASONS WHY ALL DOCTORS SHOULD CARRY THEIR OWN MEDICINES.

(1) Saves delay and trouble to patient and risk of improper preparation, which will be charged to your want of skill.

(2) You know what you give, and if patient is relieved he will come to you again [instead of the apothecary] for the same medicine.

(3) You are more likely to get your pay than if the patient has paid all his spare money to the apothecary.

"The sooner the fanciful notion that it is unprofessional to dispense medicine at the bedside is dispelled from the mind of the regular physician, the better it will be for himself, the patient, and the public at large."

From the President's address, read before the Schuylkill County Medical Society at its annual meeting, January 7th, 1896.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

We have received a long and very interesting letter from Col. Edward P. Vollum, of the Medical Department of U. S. Army, 1521 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., in which he states that the eminent London physician, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, is writing a book, soon to be issued, on the above subject, and that an effort is soon to be made to secure the passage of a law in the British Parliament, which shall render mistakes in regard to premature burials there impossible.

The Colonel thinks that there should be connected with all large cemeteries, places of temporary deposit where bodies should be kept with proper warmth and light, and cared for as if still alive, under the vigilance of physicians and attendants until actual decomposition begins.

We would suggest that any of our readers who have special interest in this important subject should write Col. Vollum in regard to it.

A prominent New York lady sends us, cut from *The New York Journal* of February 10th, a most important article on the above subject, from which we give the following:

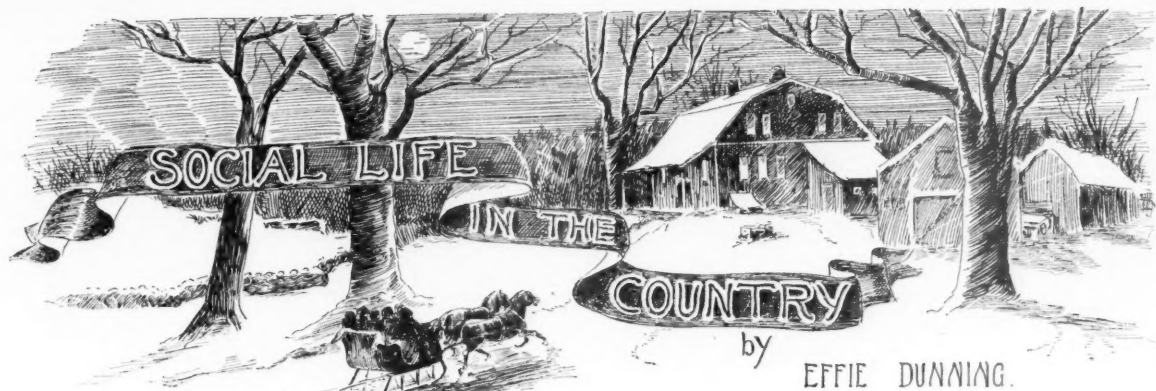
"I am alive, please don't bury me." With these words Hattie Benedict awoke from her five weeks trance, during which she was in agony lest she should be buried alive, being conscious of all said and done in her room.

She was the daughter of E. Benedict, a wealthy farmer of Marengo (near Lyons), New York.

During the last portion of the time, from February 1st to February 5th, the most careful tests failed to show the slightest operation of either heart or lungs.

Our readers will remember that a year ago [February, 1895] we petitioned, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," the Legislature of every State to enact laws on the above subject, and wrote the President of every State Senate and the Speaker of every State House of Representatives to aid their passage.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



BY KIND PERMISSION OF "JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY."

THE HIDDEN LIGHT.

BY REV. WM. LIVINGSTON.

The snowflakes fall across the misty sky,
And hide the hills whereon I love to gaze,
Such dreams they bring of long expected days.
And through the pale gloom my strained eye
Looks for the light, and watches hopefully
To catch a glimpse of soul-reviving rays;
Because I know that far behind the haze
The sunlight shines to bless and beautify.

Dear God, the shadows fall twixt heav'n and me —
Those shades of sin that dim the sinner's view —
Yet can I see thy glory shining through,
And though to-day all pale and faint it be,
*I know there glows for all the pure and true
The light and lustre of eternity!*

Sacred Heart Review.

THE FROST KING.

The Frost King is here and his net-work is spread;
O'er moorland and mountain we follow his trail;
By jewels all glistening his footsteps we trace,
He has flung round the brown earth a mantle of lace;
The eaves of the houses with crystals are hung
That flash back in beauty the glint of the sun.

The maple is shining with clear diamonds bright;
The hills and the valleys are gleaming and white;
The true-hearted snow-birds are perched by the way,
But scatter at times from the swift rushing sleigh;
The sounds from the village, how clearly they ring,
Oh! Grey-beard is monarch, old Frost is our king!

THE WORST CUT OF ALL.

Mrs. President Cleveland is credited with saying that she thought "a newspaper cut was the worst cut of all."

In a Boston daily which comes to our table we find a kind notice of our work, but a cut of ourself which reminds us of the above remark.

If any of our dailies which may hereafter wish to do so foolish a thing as to present our face to the public will send to our office, they can obtain a cut which will look *perhaps better than we do*. G. T. A.

FROM MRS. BISHOP PARET, OF BALTIMORE.

"Mothers, dear mothers, in the Church of Christ, will you not think of all this? Will you not help to stop the killing of the birds? Will you not refuse to wear the plumage of slaughtered birds? Their lives are dear to them and to the God who made them. Will you not urge your children to be members of humane societies, that in them and in their parents' homes they may learn to be merciful and tender-hearted, and protect all harmless creatures from cruelty of every kind?"

The enormous free circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* [including every editorial office in North America north of Mexico] can only be sustained by keeping our paper at its present size. To do this we cannot get into it one thing in fifty that comes to our table, and must not unfrequently cut down what we do use to one-tenth its original size.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HON. THOMAS B. REED OF MAINE.

We note that Speaker Reed is likely to be a prominent candidate for nomination by the Republican party as next President of the United States. We are glad to find in a back number of *Our Dumb Animals* the following:

"Reed stood one day in front of the Hamilton house, on Fourteenth street, Washington, where he lives. There is a hill there, not steep, but sometimes slippery. A colored man was urging a horse attached to a heavily loaded wagon. Twice the animal slipped and fell, and the driver beat the beast with his whip. Presently Reed stepped forward. In that sharp voice so often heard and generally feared in the House, he commanded the negro to desist. The man again raised his whip, when Reed's big arm swung out and caught the driver's wrist in a strong grasp. Reed held him thus as in a vise for one full minute, pouring out such a flood of reproof as that colored man had never before heard. The man wilted. He was mastered, physically and morally. And the end of the incident was a drawing of the wagon to one side of the street, Reed assisting the driver therein, and a sending of the poor horse away to the blacksmith to have new shoes put on his old feet." — *Washington Letter*.

A REMARKABLE FREAK.

A remarkable freak took possession of a cow belonging to Mrs. Morgan, Pine Street, during the evening of Friday last. Saturday morning Peter went to the stable to feed the animals, as usual, but the cow was not there. The door had not been opened, and certainly no one had been in the barn, but an air of mystery at once prevailed, as the bovine had not got out, and she was just as surely not in. After studying the phenomenon for a time, and the solution being as far off as ever, young Peter heard a gentle "Moo-o-o!" but still Bossy was not to be found. It began to seem as though she had become an occupant of the nether world, and that her ghost had come back to haunt the place where once she chewed the quid and shed the lacteal fluid. Chancing to pass near the stairway while cogitating, Peter looked up, and there at the top of the stairs, looking wistfully down, stood Bossy, wondering how she should get down again. The second problem was much the harder to solve. Peter got the help of several strong men, who, with stay-ropes on her horns, and with much forcible persuasion, managed to get her down the stairs to the floor. Peter says he is going to take in the lightning rod every night now, so the cow cannot climb that. — *Thorold (Ontario) Post*.

When dogs, cats and other animals carried long distances on cars and steamers, sometimes confined in bags and baskets, can without asking any questions find their way home, and birds traveling thousands of miles come back year after year to the same nests, and carrier pigeons to their dovecotes, it is pretty sure that they know some things to a knowledge of which no human being has yet attained. There is a vast field of animal intelligence to be studied, and the more we study the more we shall be filled with wonder and admiration.

OLD JIM — A HERO.

The Mount Morris correspondent of *Thursday's Post-Express*, says: "Old Jim" is the hero of the hour on the George Wampole place. He is a big bay horse, homely, but intelligent. Last night he slipped his halter and presented himself at his master's bedroom window about 2 o'clock, where he rubbed his nose against the sash — Mr. Wampole sleeps on the first floor — and whinnied until he aroused the folks. Mr. Wampole was mad. He had been up until midnight with a sick child and he wanted to sleep, but he got up and led the troublesome animal back to the stable, returned to bed, and was on the borderland between consciousness and dreamland, when crash went the window. This time "Old Jim" had poked his nose through a pane and the cold night air blew in. Mr. Wampole got up, put Jim in the stable and used some bad words. Upon his return to bed he told his wife there would be peace the rest of the night. But it was not to be. For the third time Jim returned to the window, this time bringing part of the halter. Upon investigation, Mr. Wampole found in a back stable behind the one in which Old Jim is kept, one of his horses — the mate to Jim — cast and helpless. It was a narrow stall and he might have died before morning. By dint of hard work Mr. Wampole pulled him around and got him on his feet. Then he went back to "Old Jim's" stall and stood looking at him. "Well," said he, "that beats all!" And he took the rest of Jim's halter off and threw it behind the feed box. "Old Jim," he says, "shall never wear a halter again — he knows as much as a man."

AN ARKANSAS EDITOR.

The editor of a little paper in Arkansas calls us a "humane cuss" and says our blood is water, because we are not anxious to get into a war with our Canadian neighbors.

But on the other hand "The California Neos," coming by the same mail, pays us a high compliment.

In our 73d year we should certainly prefer to employ if necessary a fighting editor — but in our younger days we twice had the pleasure of doing good service for humanity by breaking a stout cane over the backs of rowdies in our public streets.

Our Arkansas friend seems to labor under the impression that Massachusetts men don't amount to much in the way of fighting. Our Arkansas friend is mistaken.

G. T. A.

Why does your Society, Mr. Angell, have more than 100 Vice-presidents?

Answer: Because our Nominating Committee, for various reasons, nominate them.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 23773 Lancaster, Ohio.
North School.
Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Edgar.
23774 Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Miss Kiger.
23775 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Johnson.
23776 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Wetzel.
23777 Violet Band.
P., Miss Thomas.
23778 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Welsh.
23779 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Roberts.
23780 Rose Band.
P., Miss Perfect.
23781 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Effinger.
23782 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Baker.
23783 South School.
Golden Opportunity Band.
P., Mr. Wolf.
23784 Good Samaritan Band.
P., Miss Elder.
23785 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Lewis.
23786 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Carter.
23787 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Miller.
23788 Helpers Band.
P., Miss Malone.
23789 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Hite.
23790 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Williams.
23791 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Bulger.
23792 Star Band.
P., Miss Pickering.
23793 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Miller.
23794 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Wolfe.
23795 East School.
Lincoln Band.
P., Mr. Smith.
23796 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Clover.
23797 Buckeye Band.
P., Miss Foster.
23798 Buttercups Band.
P., Miss Seaman.
23799 Hope Band.
P., Miss O'Grady.
23800 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Proxmire.
23801 Logan, Ohio.
East School.
Fennimore Cooper Band.
P., R. E. Raymen.
23802 Bancroft Band.
P., Miss Bowly.
23803 Bishop Vincent Band.
P., Miss McBride.
23804 Louisa M. Alcott Band.
P., Miss Sunderland.
23805 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Westenhorst.
23806 Lowell Band.
P., Miss Downy.
23807 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Jenert.
23808 West School.
Frances Willard Band.
P., Miss Lehman.
23809 Frances Willard Band.
P., Miss McMonigal.
23810 Irving Band.
P., Miss McCarthy.
23811 Irving Band.
P., Miss Floyd.
23812 John G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Tracy.
23813 John G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Streatz.
23814 W. C. Bryant Band.
P., Miss Noonan.
23815 W. C. Bryant Band.
P., Miss Kellar.
23816 O. W. Holmes Band.
P., Miss McClary.
23817 O. W. Holmes Band.
P., Miss Finney.
23818 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Brown.
23819 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Fickel.
23820 New Straitsville, Ohio.
James G. Blaine Band.
P., C. W. Cookson.
23821 Washington Irving Band.
P., A. E. Foine.
23822 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Porter.
23823 James A. Garfield Band.
P., Mr. Johnson.
- 23824 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Francis.
23825 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Jones.
23826 Defenders Band.
P., Miss Webb.
23827 Hope Band.
P., Miss Jones.
23828 Star Band.
P., Miss Kramer.
23829 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Hoskinson.
23830 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Essex.
23831 Ray, Wis.
Seymour Band.
P., Bessie Platter.
23832 New Orleans, La.
Star Band.
P., Mary Duncan.
23833 Hubbard, Oregon.
Whittier Band.
P., Jessie Talbot.
23834 Gardiner, Oregon.
Blue Bird Band.
P., Mrs. Martha Chandler.
23835 Excelsior Band.
P., Ida McAllen.
23836 St. Paul, Minn.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. W. Perkins.
23837 Walden, N. Y.
Helping Hand Band.
P., Leroy Sewillinger.
23838 Nashua, N. H.
Nashua Band.
P., Helen F. Smith.
23839 Mountview Band.
P., Mr. Schiller Robins.
23840 Wapello, Iowa.
Wapello Band.
P., Lydia Bissinger.
23841 Lockport, N. Y.
Walnut St. School Band.
P., Leah A. Watters.
23842 Walnut St. School Band.
P., Mary A. Hickey.
23843 No. 1 Band.
P., Frances E. Gault.
23844 No. 2 Band.
P., Mary E. Watkins.
23845 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Federspiel.
23846 No. 4 Band.
P., Mary C. Beach.
23847 No. 5 Band.
P., Clara Holmes.
23848 No. 6 Band.
P., Grace E. Spalding.
23849 No. 7 Band.
P., C. A. Davenport.
23850 No. 8 Band.
P., Kate Stahl.
23851 No. 9 Band.
P., S. A. Bradley.
23852 No. 10 Band.
P., Winnie C. Glover.
23853 N. Y. City, N. Y.
International Band.
P., Daniel Looney.
23854 Portland, Maine.
Holmes Busy Workers Band.
P., Sophie B. Holmes.
23855 North School Building.
Robinson Crusoe Band.
P., Elizabeth A. Day.
23856 Denver, Colo.
Mary F. Lovell Band.
P., Katie Kelleher.
23857 Harpers Ferry, W. Va.
Shenandoah Band.
P., Jennie Chambers.
23858 John Brown Band.
P., Annie Deems.
23859 Stratford, Ont.
Shakespeare School Band.
P., Miss L. Horner.
23860 Honor Bright Band.
P., Miss Alice Beatty.
23861 Romeo No. 5 Band.
P., Blanche Hyde.
23862 N. Y. City, N. Y.
United Band.
P., Leo Deutsch.
23863 Mankato, Minn.
Junior League Band.
P., Mrs. C. F. Koehler.
23864 Carversville, Pa.
Chestnut Grove Band.
P., Grace R. Quimby.
23865 Reading, Pa.
Company A, L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. W. S. Monier.
23866 San Francisco, Cal.
San Francisco Band.
P., John F. Gustavson.
23867 Puyallup, Wash.
Rainer Band.
P., Adda B. Gibbs.
- 23868 Worcester, Mass.
Star of Bethlehem Band.
P., Miss M. E. D. King.
23869 Claremont, Cal.
Claremont Band.
P., Mrs. E. M. Pease.
23870 W. Newton, Mass.
W. Newton Band.
P., Alice E. White.
23871 Mankato, Kansas.
Mankato Band.
P., Mrs. Bertha Schellinger.
23872 Richmond, Maine.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Lida Reed.
23873 San Francisco, Cal.
Rose Band.
P., Willie Day.
23874 Marion, Ohio.
High School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Arthur Powell.
23875 Webster Band.
P., C. T. Hickok.
23876 Irving Band.
P., Miss Hahes.
23877 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Fite.
23878 Defenders Band.
P., Miss Ruebhuund.
23879 Central School.
Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Peters.
23880 Busy Bee Band.
P., Mrs. Osborne.
23881 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Hain.
23882 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Kowalke.
23883 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Gray.
23884 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Washburn.
23885 Hope Band.
P., Miss Thompson.
23886 Star Band.
P., Miss Gast.
23887 Kindergarten School.
Rosebud Band.
P., Mary Harding.
23888 North School.
J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Mrs. Emery.
23889 Eugene Field Band.
P., Miss Truse.
23890 Geo. Washington Band.
P., B. B. Hayes Band.
23891 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Miss Christian.
23892 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Weisman.
23893 Columbia Band.
P., Miss Potter.
23894 Buckeye Band.
P., Miss Kile.
23895 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Cunningham.
23896 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Potter.
23897 Silver School.
Lily Band.
P., Miss Peters.
23898 Violet Band.
P., Miss Cunningham.
23899 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Mapes.
23900 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Mason.
23901 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Marsh.
23902 Daisy Band.
P., Mr. Jacoby.
23903 East School.
Commodore Perry Band.
P., Miss L. Cunningham.
23904 Columbus Band.
P., Miss G. Cunningham.
23905 Lincoln Bld.
P., Miss Bayles.
23906 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Patten.
23907 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Gracely.
23908 Defenders Band.
P., Miss Smiley.
23909 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Bowen.
23910 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Kowalke.
23911 Star Band.
P., Miss Opdyke.
23912 Hope Band.
P., Miss Cromer.
23913 East School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Ward.
23914 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Peters.
23915 Lily Band.
P., Miss Weisman.
23916 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Gaily.
- 23917 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Dairy.
23918 St. Mary's School.
Star of the Sea Band.
P., Sister Cornelia.
23919 Sacred Heart Band.
P., Sister Cyprian.
23920 St. Joseph Band.
P., Sister Helen.
23921 Holy Family Band.
P., Sister Ignatius Loyola.
23922 Children of Mary Band.
P., Sister Desales.
23923 Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
High School.
Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., F. W. Wenner.
23924 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Mr. Smith.
23925 Wyandot Band.
P., Miss Bowman.
23926 Lyceum Band.
P., Mr. McKean.
23927 Lyceum Band, No. 2.
P., Miss Byron.
23928 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Ersinger.
23929 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Bowen.
23930 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Davis.
23931 Violet Band.
P., Miss Tracht.
23932 Lily Band.
P., Miss Holmes.
23933 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Hak.
23934 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Hedges.
23935 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Orr.
23936 Rose Band.
P., Miss Garwood.
23937 Hope Band.
P., Miss Brauns.
23938 Star Band.
P., Miss Passlee.
23939 St. Peter's School.
Isle of the Sea Band.
P., Sister Justina.
23940 St. Joseph Band.
P., Sister St. John.
23941 Delaware, Ohio.
High School.
Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Oldham.
23942 R. B. Hayes Band.
P., Miss McCann.
23943 Wm. McKinley Band.
P., Miss Cratty.
23944 Columbia Band.
P., C. S. Copeland.
23945 Audubon Band.
P., W. E. Heistand.
23946 Thoreau Band.
P., Belle Anderson.
23947 Louise M. Alcott Band.
P., Mattie Palmer.
23948 St. Mary's School.
St. Joseph's Band.
P., Sister Josephine.
23949 Star of the Sea Band.
P., Sister Louise.
23950 St. Patrick Band.
P., Sister Angela.
23951 Sunshine Band.
P., Sister Evangelis.
23952 Little Helpers Band.
P., Sister Agatha.
23953 East Building.
Excelsior Band.
P., Geo. A. Chambers.
23954 Golden Rod Band.
P., R. S. Plotner.
23955 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Hamilton.
23956 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Goldrick.
23957 My Country 'Tis of Thee B'd.
P., Miss Culler.
23958 Star Band.
P., Miss Shock.
23959 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Cordor.
23960 South Building.
Columbia Band.
P., H. T. Main.
23961 Star Band.
P., Miss Westfall.
23962 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Woodward.
23963 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Reeder.
23964 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Drake.
23965 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Latham.
23966 West Building.
Defenders Band.
P., Emma Brooke.
23967 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Pratt.
- 23968 Buckeye Band.
P., Miss Cone.
23969 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Graham.
23970 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Reichert.
23971 Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Stokes.
23972 Star Band.
P., Miss Walker.
23973 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Chubb.
23974 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Powers.
23975 North Building.
Black Beauty Band.
P., L. Crickard.
23976 Violet Band.
P., Miss Chubb.
23977 Little Kind Children Band.
P., Miss Parker.
23978 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Estell.
23979 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Widman.
23980 Fostoria, Ohio.
High School.
Excelsior Band.
P., H. L. Frank.
23981 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss McDermott.
23982 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Chase.
23983 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Blackford.
23984 Central School.
C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Elliott.
23985 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss L. Miller.
23986 Forget-Me-Not Band.
P., Miss Chilcote.
23987 Little Defenders Band.
P., Miss Smith.
23988 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss J. Miller.
23989 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Sinclair.
23990 Star Band.
P., Miss Green.
23991 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Jones.
23992 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Kalb.
23993 North School.
Defenders Band.
P., Mr. Timney.
23994 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Zahm.
23995 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Grover.
23996 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Noble.
23997 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Gilbert.
23998 Star Band.
P., Miss Ebersole.
23999 Center School.
Violet Band.
P., Miss Luch.
24000 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Hull.
24001 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Spront.
24002 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Overholt.
24003 Sandusky School.
Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Myers.
24004 Star Band.
P., Miss Bonnell.
24005 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Eaton.
24006 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Kirshner.
24007 Columbus Ave. School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Rhoades.
24008 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Nichel.
24009 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Henderson.
24010 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Mason.
24011 South School.
Hope Band.
P., Miss Tracy.
24012 Star Band.
P., Miss Payne.
24013 Stratford, Ont.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Mrs. P. Dierlamm.
24014 Spokane, Wash.
Forest Park S. S. Band.
P., Sophia A. Kiesling.
24015 Greenwood, S. C.
Brewer Burden Bearing Band.
P., Emily R. Bishop.
24016 Brewer Blessing Bearers.
P., Miss Fannie E. Curtis.



PREPARING THE HORSE.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE LAMP.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER,

Editor of "Harper's Bazaar."

The winds came howling down from the north,
Like a hungry wolf for prey,
And the bitter sleet went hurling forth,
In the sinking face of the day.

And the snowflakes drifted near and far,
Till the land was whitely fleeced,
And the light-house lamp, a golden star,
Flamed over the waves' white yeast.

In the room at the foot of the light-house
Lay mother and babe asleep,
And little maid Gretchen was by them there,
A resolute watch to keep.

There were only the three on the light-house isle,
For father had trimmed the lamp,
And set it burning weary while
In the morning's dusk and damp.

"Long before night I'll be back," he said,
And his white sail slipped away;
Away and away to the mainland sped,
But it came not home that day.

The mother stirred on her pillow's space,
And moaned in pain and fear,
Then looked in her little daughter's face
Through the blur of starting tear.

"Darling," she whispered, "its piercing cold,
And the tempest is rough and wild;
And you are no laddie strong and bold,
My poor little maiden child.

"But up aloft there's the lamp to feed,
Or its flame will die in the dark,
And the sailor lose in his utmost need
The light of our islet's ark."

"I'll go," said Gretchen, "a step at a time;
Why mother, I'm twelve years old,
And steady, and never afraid to climb,
And I've learned to do as I'm told."

Then Gretchen up to the top of the tower,
Up the icy, smooth-worn stair,
Went slowly and surely that very hour,
The sleet in her eyes and hair.

She fed the lamp, and she trimmed it well,
And its clear light glowed afar,
To warn of reefs, and of rocks to tell,
This mariner's guiding star.

And once again when the world awoke
In the dawn of a bright new day,
There was joy in the hearts of the fisher folks
Along the stormy bay,

When the little boats came sailing in
All safe and sound to the land,
To the haven the light had helped them win,
By the aid of a child's brave hand.

"A lady recently told me why she did not wear birds on her hat. When her daughter was small she would take her mamma's hat which then had birds on it, and would lovingly caress them and say, 'Oh, mamma, how could you kill such pretty birds, such sweet birds! How I do wish they could open their pretty eyes and sing for us!' and the poor, sorrowing little girl almost broke her mother's heart with her plaintive sympathy as she pleaded for the life of the birds, until she said she could stand it no longer, and removed them, never to wear any since."

"Do editors ever do wrong?" "No." "What do they do?" "They do write."—School and Home.



"WOMANLY REMORSE."

BY MARSHALL SAUNDERS,

Author of "Beautiful Joe," in *The Free Kindergarten Magazine*.

A young man and a maid were walking by the seashore. They had just passed a sea wall where the waves came thundering up into breakers that pushed sand and pebbles far inland, and had entered a small wood. "There's something alive," said the girl, "I can see it. Run quick—catch it." The young man caught up a stick and gave chase. A brown ungainly animal was hobbling over the ground, making his way toward his home in the underbrush. The girl shrieked with delight, and holding up her white skirts, kept carefully behind the young man, vociferating: "It's a porcupine, kill it!—kill it!" The porcupine ran up a tree and looked down with a small and beady eye at its assailants. The young man pushed it with his stick. "Bah! it hasn't spirit enough to defend itself," said the girl, contemptuously; "make an end of it."

With his pronged stick the young man forced it to a branch. Reluctantly the small creature held to the twigs, its claws clasped frantically like the hands of a child. "Stand back," said the young man, sullenly, as the twigs gave way and the porcupine fell to the ground, rolling itself into a round ball and shooting out a few aimless quills. In vain—it could not defend itself. A few smart strokes, a dull, sickening thud, and its life was beaten out of it. "Come away," said the girl, with a shudder, "the sun does not shine in here—it is cool."

They went on their way in silence. The sunshine did not seem as bright as before, and there was no music in the sound of the waves. "Why did we kill that creature?" said the girl, impulsively, "it was not harming us." "I don't know," said the young man, shortly. "Does it steal from the farmers?" "No, it lives on bark and shrubs." "We did not want its skin—only Indians eat its flesh," she continued. "Perhaps it was going home to its young ones. I feel as if I had committed a murder," and, stopping short, she burst into tears. "Ah! now I like you better," said her companion, in a relieved tone of voice. "When women are merciful, men will not be merciless."

Receipts by the M. S. F. C. A. in January.

Fines and witness fees, \$170.00.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. C. C. Corbin (Dec.), \$100; Miss Harriet W. Foster, \$50; Alex. Moseley, \$25; Mrs. J. N. Fiske, \$25; Miss M. L. Bangs, \$20; Miss Susan Upham, \$20; J. W. Wetherell, \$20; A. Friend, \$15; Mrs. R. H. Cole, \$12; J. R. Kendrick, \$10; Mrs. D. W. Bishop, \$10; Miss H. Meyer, \$10; J. C. Howe, \$10; John T. Coolidge, \$10; John E. Thayer, \$10; Miss M. E. Hyde, \$6; Mrs. B. E. McClelland, \$3; Miss Christie Stakke, \$3; Mrs. E. P. Gibbons, \$3; Mrs. D. P. Kempton, \$1.35.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. L. Fairbanks, Mrs. A. K. Ladd, Paul P. Roberts, Mrs. H. A. White, Edw. R. Tyler, Mrs. Geo. P. Upham, E. D. Mandell, Miss A. H. Jones, W. A. Read, Miss A. L. Mayo, Mrs. E. P. Whitman, Mrs. F. T. Gray, Miss M. W. Simpkins, Mrs. Geo. N. Black, Louise Gale, Mrs. J. C. Robinson, Mrs. Mary W. Allen, Henry Whittemore, Mrs. A. F. Jennings, A. B. Wallace, C. K. Lambson, E. Forristal, John D. Flint, M. S. Southworth, A. Friend, Miss E. H. Pearson, Mrs. Irving J. Hoyle, Miss Kate C. Brown, J. H. Packard, C. F. Forbes, W. K. Nason, Mrs. L. A. Woodman, E. W. Grew, E. T. Burley, Miss L. H. Clegg, "In memory of Angelina C. Tewksbury."

AN ARMY HORSE UNDER FIRE.

James F. Lyon tells the *Chicago Times-Herald* as follows:

"We had in our company a young German named Schultz. His horse was his pride. Sometimes Schultz went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, his horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a 'good night, Frank.' Many a time have I seen Schultz skirmish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee, instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents and read or played cards, Schultz would keep Frank's company for hours, sometimes talking German to him and sometimes English. Some of our horses showed lack of care; Frank's never, and seemed as fond of his master as his master of him. When the Atlanta campaign opened in May, 1864, there was not a prouder soldier or a prettier horse than Schultz and Frank in the 1st.

"Our first fight of note in that campaign was at Varnell's Station, May 9. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade, the 2d of the 1st cavalry division, was thrown against Gen. Joe Wheeler's entire command, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods and were ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Schultz remained mounted and did heroic service. Early in the fight his pet was shot. As the animal made but little fuss over it and steadied down quickly his rider thought it was only a slight wound and remained in the battle all day, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at 9 o'clock the brigade camped.

"The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. Schultz thought it was because the horse, like himself, was tired, and, after patting him and telling him in both languages what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles, he busied himself with supper getting. In the forage bag were several extra ears of corn. After his own repast of black coffee, crackers and uncooked white pork, such a banquet as many a soldier has been more thankful for than he was for the feast of last Thanksgiving, Schultz shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder, and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master. He didn't hear Schultz announce in German that he was coming with a double ration. Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down life had departed.

"When Schultz realized that his pet was dead he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck and with the other gently rubbed his head, as he had done many times before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day he said: 'My poor Frank couldn't tell me he was badly hurt. He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty, and when the battle was over and I was getting supper he laid down and died.'

"That horse was a better soldier than I am—than any man in the regiment. Not one of us would have fought all day with such a hurt as that. No one would have expected it of us, yet Frank did not fall me.' With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again, and none of his comrades made light of his sorrow."

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